The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

October, 1897.

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In the King's Garden.

On a day it so befalls,
We may enter garden walls
Through a gate of pious thought
Where is all the ages sought,
Every good and grace and worth
Men have dreamed as blessing earth,
There, in silence of the skies,
Paradise most surely lies.

On a day we wander there,
Finding life is very fair,
Clothed with beauty of the blest,
Filled with holy thoughts of rest.
All harsh noises of our day
Melt like echoes far away.
There in peace the angels know,
We abide in bliss below.

On a day we find this life
Shutting out our toil and strife,
Then bright skies above us gleam,
Then we see love's rippling stream,
See joy's roses, red and white,
Loving God's benignant light.
There our Eden blooms again,
God and angels still with men.

On a day the church-bells ring,
On a day sweet psalms we sing,
Prayer is made, and music meet,
All our life becomes so sweet.
Summer bides in that good land,
Angels take us by the hand.
In the garden of the King
Heaven to us its peace doth bring.

William Brunton.

Life with our Father.

A Sermon by

Rev. V. D. Davis, B.A.

(Preached at Manchester College, Oxford, on Sunday, May 30th, 1897.)

John xvi., 32.—"*I am not alone, because the Father is with me.*"

The words are absolutely simple and direct, but they are a statement of the greatest spiritual truth of our life. A child may use them with a beautiful sincerity, touched by the love and trustfulness which are of the kingdom of heaven, and yet they are sufficient to express the whole measure of the religion of Jesus. There is no height of spiritual attainment, no depth of profound experience, that can go beyond the meaning of those words when they are clearly and fully understood.

To enter into their meaning with an understanding spirit, and with the natural response of trust and faithfulness — which implies not external, superficial knowledge, but an interior energy of life, which knows for itself through actual experience—that is to have religion.

It is the supreme gift, to be assured that God is with us, and is the Father of our spirits, that all our life is known to him, that he has a purpose in each one of us, which must be fulfilled,

and that his care for us is perfect. At first we see from afar off what this may mean. We find that without God we have no abiding strength or peace, that his way is the only way for us. And then we begin to understand that he himself is with us, that our growth in knowledge and in power comes from the quickening of his spirit, because he cares, and that we ought not to receive such gifts and be forgetful of him, but with humble thankfulness walk in his way —with a true communion of spirit—even we ourselves with the Infinite and Eternal. We must not be afraid or unbelieving, as though it were impossible and a presumptuous thought. *He is our Father*, and this is what he gives to us. We must give ourselves to him, with the trustfulness, the simplicity, the gladness of a child's unquestioning surrender to the home love. We must be quiet and keep our hearts open and true to him, with the constant prayer that his will may be done. Then we learn more of what it means, to be with him, and receive the benediction of his love. This is the way of growth in the true life with God. First the conviction that this is the greatest truth of all, that with all our blindness and ignorance we must cleave only to him—then, through faithfulness to the light we have received, the opening vision, the larger understanding, the stronger grasp of truth, the more perfect communion of spirit.

There is no part of our life into which this thought of God, as our Father, who is always with us, may not penetrate, and where, if it does, it will not bring to us new light and strength and gladness of spirit.

(i.) When, for instance, we think of our place of dependence, and often of utter helplessness, amid the inexorable laws and resistless forces of Nature, there would be a dreary sense of loneliness and of ultimate despair, if it were not for this deeper thought of God. But to remember him makes all things new, and brings to us the dawning of a better hope. This whole wonderful order of the world is part of the steadfast will of God, his purpose, which intends our good. We are dependent no longer on blind forces and a pitiless fate. We are held by the firm hand of one who cares for us. What we suffer is his discipline. Where we cannot understand, we can trust. Even when for a time the darkness overshadows us, and what we have to bear is terrible to us, we can be still, and know that he is God. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

And what we enjoy is his gift. It is he who crowns our life with good. We reverently search out his law in outward things as in matters of personal duty, and through obedience are led in the way of life. Thus every addition to our knowledge of the natural world is literally a fresh revelation from our Father, all things in heaven and earth may speak to us of him; and it was the truest wisdom, no less than piety, which spoke from the lips of the great Astronomer, of whom it is recorded that when a new comprehension of the laws which govern the motions of the stars flashed upon his mind, he exclaimed: "O God, I think thy thoughts after thee!"

But it is not only through knowledge that we are brought into closer companionship with God. He speaks to us not only in the order but in the beauty of the world. For what is this beauty in which all things are clothed, but a silent testimony to his good-will in creation, who delights in beautiful things, and would make us sharers of his joy? From that hidden centre of our rest and strength, where we are constantly with God, we look out upon his world, and thankfully accept from him these beautiful treasures of inexhaustible delight, as among the chief blessings of our life. It matters not that we are little and insignificant amid the greatness of his works. We are *at home* in his world, we understand, we *enjoy* what he provides.

And then with a new gladness we come to feel that our Father has given us our own place in this marvellous order, and asks us also to work for him. It consecrates the lowliest place, and makes every true endeavour worth while. It cannot be a matter of indifference to him, if with earnest purpose we are seeking for knowledge and for capacity to do good work, if we refrain from idle dissipation of our strength and waste of precious faculties, and do our best to keep a healthy mind and cheerful spirit in a healthy body. This we may do with a constant feeling that he is helping us, that in this hidden companionship of our deeper life his daily blessing goes with us wherever we go. There is here no pretence and no exaggerated sentiment.

It is the common-sense of a sincere religious life. And if with a glad thankfulness we surrender ourselves to that thought, it will be our safeguard against vanity and selfishness. For even with the most beautiful gifts and the highest skill and capacity, it is never of ourselves alone. They *are* gifts, and a trust which God has put into our hands. Our joy in them, our joy in being helpful in the world is greater, because we understand that this is how our Father uses us in his service, and we live and work with him.

This true religious spirit we need even more amid the limitations of our life. When we have pain to bear, when we are conscions of personal defects, of poor faculties, which with all our efforts we can do very little to improve, when we know that we really cannot be of much use in the world, according to our own standard of usefulness and what we should like to do—under any such conditions it is not so easy to learn the lesson of a contented and cheerful spirit. And yet we know, however it has come to us, that this is part of our Father's discipline, that in these things also we must learn to see his will, and so long as we are striving with all our might against faults and defects which can be remedied, for the rest be trustful and submissive.

Do we not sometimes see in the face of one who is deformed or a cripple a look of meek patience, and the brightness of a brave spirit, and a love which is not crippled, showing that this child of God has made his peace with a hard lot, and in the secret places of a beautiful life is not alone, because the Father is with him? It puts to shame our discontents, which have so much less reason, and bids us get the wisdom of a quiet mind and a courage which, even in the hardest lot, will make all things work together for good to them that love God.

Even when we have defects, or limitations, or penalties to bear, which we have brought upon ourselves through past unfaithfulness, this need not lead us to despair or an embittered heart. If we have repented of our sin, honestly repented with an unreserved confession to our Father, with whom there can be no deception or pretence, and with a new determination of passionate and self-forgetting loyalty to what is pure and good, and so have found peace even in our humiliation and self-abasement,—then we can take our burden up, and in lowliness of heart can learn its lesson. What we have to suffer, what we have to renounce, is part of the discipline ordered firmly but tenderly by our Father's compassion and unchanging love. It does not separate from him, but rather brings us nearer to him in our humble trust. We cannot wish that it should be otherwise, being what we are, and having learnt to pray that our Father's will may be done.

(ii.) And there we touch the rock of strength on which our life must always rest. In loyalty to duty, in the love of truth and righteousness, we are most surely rooted and grounded in the strength of the Eternal. Was it not so that Jesus bade his disciples enter the kingdom, simply by doing the Father's will? In this, even in the darkest hour, a man can take refuge. He can do what he knows to be right, even though in the last extremity it should cost him his life. And by this most certain way he comes to the conviction that God is with him, and that it is life, and not death, to which he is called. It may be so, even with one who for a time has lost faith in God, and thinks no further than his immediate duty and his determination to be true to *himself*. For in that utter loyalty to the right, though he does not think it, he has given himself to God; and in his heart there is a quietness and strength not his own, but of the Father, who is with him. This, when the cloud lifts from his confused and darkened thought, he will understand with a great thankfulness, and know in whom he trusts.

They are happiest who can live out from the centre of this quiet faith,—for whom the strength of self-surrender and a brave integrity keeps fresh the reality of their communion and the gladness with which they do the Father's will.

Our refuge is with God, always and in every need,—even from our own questioning and dismay, if at any time the darkness seem to overwhelm us, if the burden of the sin and misery that we see around us, the helpless suffering, the injustice, the cruelty of the world become terrible to bear. There is no help, no respite for the tortured heart of sensitive sympathy but in God alone, and in doing the Father's will.

If at any time, seeing the grievous sufferings and privations of the poor and helpless, and the confusions of the world, you are ready to ask in bitterness of heart, has God forgotten to be pitiful? Can it be a good Providence which allows such things to be? Does God really care? Then ask further: *What are you doing yourself?* What are you ready to sacrifice out of your own life? What will you endure for the sake of others, to shield them from pain, to lift off their heavy burdens, to establish truth and justice in the earth? For there you get the surest answer to such questioning. When you are working and not afraid to suffer, with fearless integrity, with pity and love which make you eager to help, then you are nearest to the heart of the infinite Compassion and the eternal Righteousness. In your own loyalty and self-sacrifice you will know better than in any other way what is the ultimate purpose of the Giver of all good.

I do not say that every shadow is at once dissipated, but this is the way of deliverance from despair. It leads to the fortress of our strength; for our truth, our love, and pity are of God; and *in us* he declares his own will.

We may see with the old mystic that there is "an ocean of darkness and death;" but we see also "an infinite ocean of light and love, which flows over the ocean of darkness." All the evil, the sorrow and suffering of the world are known. Over its confusion is the calm and steadfast purpose of unchanging good. When we are ourselves possessed by pure, unselfish love, ignorant and short-sighted though we be, we recognise that witness of eternal truth.

(iii.) I have spoken of this constant companionship, in which we know that our Father is with us—a sacred communion in the quiet places of our hidden life, in which we renew our strength, in which we find a wonderful gladness and consolation and help in every need. But while we learn thus to have the truest life alone with our Father, it must not be thought that this cuts us off from human sympathy, or makes our life that of a recluse. The very opposite is true. Being with our Father, finding in that communion the inspiration of our life, fits us more completely to give and to receive human sympathy, and makes us brethren indeed. Our duties, in which we are to do his will, are in our common life, and keep us true to every human relationship. We know that it is our Father's purpose that we should be together here, in the strength of a common faith and hope and love. Even while we pray to him in secret, in the hidden chamber of our own heart, we take those whom we love into the fellowship of our prayer, and it is our happiness to know that they also have their life nurtured at the same unfailing source. And in our Christian discipleship, learning of our friend and brother the true way to the Father of us all, we are led at the same time into the truest human fellowship, and we have communion with friends and teachers, the leaders and inspirers of our race, and chiefly with those who are nearest to us, who have opened to us some clearer vision of the grace and strength and blessedness of life. It is a true communion with those who are still with us here on earth, and those who have passed from our sight, and it is so, because they and we together rest in the one Eternal God.

Thus there is no gift of our life, no duty that appeals to us, no affection that gives us joy, which does not lead us ultimately to our Father, to learn *with him* the full meaning of brotherhood and undying love, and in which he does not speak to us of our complete and perfect rest in him.

Birds of Passage.

Fair summer birds, away!
No more
The golden sun doth pour
His cheering ray
Upon green tree, or greener field;
No more the meadow or the brook may yield
Their store of food; no more the air is rife
With dainty nutriment of insect life;
Prithee, no longer stay!
Ye cannot shelter in the leafless tree,
Ye cannot bide in chill adversity,
Fair summer guests, away!
We wish you well, although we say, depart,
We wish you well;—yet dearer to our heart
Are they, who, when the summer days have fled,
And dreary winter reigneth in their stead,
Cling closer to us;—who, when the cold rime
Covers with sheeted frost the field and tree,
Sing us glad songs of the glad summer time,
Of joys that have been, and again shall be;—
True friends alone are ye, who, when the cold
Of sorrow desolates our home and hearth,
Making the Yule-fire dead, and young hearts old;
Thaw with sweet songs the winter in our breast;—
Sweet summer songs,—not of a changing earth,
But of a changeless Heaven of never-ending rest!

Unitarians and the Church Idea.

(No. 2.)

As one who was privileged to hear Mr. Vernon Herford's clever paper read before an Oxford gathering prior to its appearance in the *Seed Sower*, I gladly avail myself of the Editors' general invitation of discussion upon this important topic. On the occasion referred to, Mr. Herford volunteered the confession that he himself regarded his paper as rather too flippant and dogmatic; it seems, therefore, somewhat of a pity that he has not either amended these admitted defects in the published version, or appended to it a like frank avowal—especially in view of the seriousness of the question, upon which he himself would be the first to insist.

It appears to me—so far as a very young man with a naturally limited experience of our Churches has a right to an opinion on the subject --that Mr. Herford is, in the main, correct in attributing some of our want of success, or what we think so, to that excessive individualism which is so marked a feature of many of our communities. Perhaps there are few who will deny that, in the past at any rate, there has been among us a lack of cohesion, an absence of concerted action, a failure to appreciate the uses of co-operation; that there has been, on the contrary, a tendency to mutual aloofness, an exaggerated value set upon independence, in some instances an almost porcupinal incapacity for that close mutual contact which gives not only warmth but power.

That such a state of things, if it is here described with any approximation to truth, is a source of weakness, is a proposition which it would be folly to deny, and waste of time to defend; that the man, when he arises, who will show us a way out of it, will be the greatest benefactor of our denomination as a denomination, is equally plain. My purpose in writing these lines is, of course, a much less ambitious one: it is to whisper to Mr. Vernon Herford, as Faust was told on a somewhat different occasion —"Thou art not yet the man;" and, secondly, to show that the individualism which he and I agree in thinking has been carried too far amongst us, is like most other things not wholly evil, but has been historically inevitable, and must, if we are to continue to exist, remain a constant, though perhaps a less prominent, factor in our constitution as a religious body.

To take the last point first. Historically, it is a pretty well admitted fact, though Mr. Vernon Herford may dispute it, that the epoch during which the "Church Idea" exercised the most undivided sway, was not exactly the happiest the world has passed through, or the one calculated to serve as a model for zealous imitation; it is probably something more than the malignant stupidity of Protestants that has caused the centuries embraced by that epoch to be known as the Dark Ages. Equally admitted is the fact that heresies in general, and Unitarianism in particular, could only prove themselves successful in the exact degree in which men showed themselves strong enough, independent enough, individual enough, to break away from the Church Idea, to overcome the gregarious instinct, to stand alone. Unitarianism, of all forms of heresy, could only come into existence as the result of that independent search after truth, which does not rest satisfied with what "the Church" says, and could only maintain itself by means of that intellectual propaganda which Mr. Vernon Herford affects to despise—wronging therein his own very considerable gifts. Strong must have been the individuality of the men who were prepared to come out of the Church and embark on a perilous voyage of discovery for themselves, at a time when to do so was to risk torture and the stake; and even to-day, with fashionable Churchism on every side, it requires a certain sturdiness of moral fibre to remain faithful to the weaker, poorer, less popular cause.

That men who deliberately forsake great organizations should be the most capable to organize among themselves, it were unjust to expect; that such rugged units should fit into each other easily or coalesce at a given signal, it were absurd to anticipate; that there should be a tendency among them to carry their individualism to extremes, and occasionally even to glory in their isolation, is only what an acquaintance with human nature would lead us to look out for. These are just our difficulties; they are defects arising from our qualities; and the important point to realise is that they *are* defects and that *we have got to* bend our energies to overcoming them. Only, while trying to devise

means towards this end, do not let us forget that what thus appears to be a source of weakness, is also an element, and an indispensable element and condition, of our strength; an element which cannot be reduced below a certain very *high* minimum without involving the disappearance of our Churches. It is resistance to the "Church Idea," *i.e.*, individualism, which has made Unitarianism possible in the past, vigorous exercise of individual thought that will continue to make it possible in the future; what we have to be on our guard against are the extravagances and hypertrophies of individualism which would weaken us for action and leave us the Auberon Herberts of the religious commonwealth. But between such an attitude and Mr. Vernon Herford's reckless denunciation of Congregationalism as "anti-Christian, narrow, selfish," and all the rest, there is happily a wide gulf fixed.

While individualism is thus in danger of being made a general scape-goat, it may be useful to remark that the temper which it denotes is not only the foundation of our Churches, but the condition of *all* progress. It is always individuals who, greatly daring, have broken away from the customary and accepted in law, in religion, in art, in literature, in philosophy, risking the bitter scorn and the active persecution of the representatives of vested interests, dull communities, bigoted Churches. Every innovator and reformer, from Christ downwards, has in this sense been an individualist, and without their magnificent audacity, we should still be in the Stone Age.

And now to the other part of my subject, in which I hope to make it clear that though we are in need of better organization and a more conscious Church life, those aims will not be effectively attained, if attained at all, along the route which Mr. Vernon Herford suggests. It will clear the air if I say at the outset that I frankly reject his whole theory of a supernatural Church with supernatural sanction for its rites, customs and usages. I do so for the good and sufficient reason that I am not acquainted with any one such Church, and that the moment I begin to weigh the contending claims of Roman, Anglican, Greek or Nestorian, I must be using my private judgment—which, unfortunately, does not stop there. It is therefore a matter of very considerable indifference to me what particular practices or dogmas any of these mutually condemnatory communities "enjoins;" and when Church "authority" is urged, to the "general weight" of which I am to tender my "submission," I ask for the credentials, and can afford to wait for an answer. (Horribly "individualistic," all this!) If any of these practices or dogmas commend themselves to my private judgment—or want of judgment, as Mr. Vernon Herford quite rightly adds—I adopt it, but not otherwise, nor for the reason that "the" Church (question: Which?) sanctions the same; for the matter of that, the voluntary surrender of individual judgment to a Church, is itself a tremendous act of individual judgment—as also is the refusal to make such surrender. Given, therefore, such a temper, which is, I venture to think, that of the average Unitarian, we are not appreciably advanced when Mr. Herford tells us that "every Christian minister is *bound* to administer baptism and communion, and every layman to receive these sacraments which the Church as a whole enjoins." Why *bound?* we still ask: if these rites are personally helpful to us, if they promote that better organization, that sense of corporate unity which we confessedly lack, *then* we will adopt and perform them, as we would any other, though no Church prescribed them; but our idea of more abundant life is not to make ourselves as close a miniature counterfeit as possible of any other religious community, however big or ancient, nor to do or believe things merely on its "authority." To do so would be to give up what is at once our *raison d'être* and the breath in our nostrils, viz., the right and duty of free inquiry. Nor is it easy to see how such a "binding" regulation could be carried into effect without a "binding" confession of faith, such as has not hitherto commended itself to Unitarians—for the reason, namely, that it would fatally limit the private judgment for which they stand; and, by the way, though Mr. Vernon Herford, with a modesty which we cannot but admire, does not suggest who is to supply the new articles of belief, it is not betraying a secret to say that he himself circulated, in print, years ago, a remarkable Catechism containing an amended version of the Apostles' Creed, which *inter alia* left the

paternity of Jesus a matter for speculation.

But we see "whitherward" Mr. Herford's theories are tending when we read the following truly delicious statements:—"Disobedience to the Church is on a par with disobedience to the law of the land, or of the child to the parent." "With regard to the Church, we are all more or less children," &c.—Really, where are we? And are these excerpts from Reichel's "Manual of Canon Law," or what? And since we have got to this point, may we repeat and even press the question: What is this "Church" of Mr. Vernon Herford's? His article affords no enlightenment upon this after all not unimportant point. Who is to administer its laws, to enforce its authority, to "tighten up discipline"—a phrase uncomfortably suggestive of the thumb-screw—to pronounce excommunications, to act as *Pontifex Maximus Ecclesiæ Unitariæ?* Mr. Herford tells us that "the principle of dignity and authority in the Church is holiness and capacity for service;" but would not that be rather an awkward point to decide? And who would act as adjudicators? Or would the prelates be self-appointed, as knowing most about their own "holiness?" Be this as it may, the brain simply reels before the vision of this august hierarchy ruling our three hundred and fifty churches with an iron hand; and when we recover from our dizziness and awake to the world of sober facts again, we cannot repress a dim suspicion that there is something wrong somewhere with Mr. Vernon Herford's authoritative "Church," and that he has allowed his "Idea" to degenerate into an *idée fixe*. This wonderful, all-powerful, supernatural, and all-but-infallible Church lacks only one element that would complete the list of its attractions, but that is reality. In the dry and uncongenial desert of Unitarianism Mr. Herford has seen—a mirage; we understand and sympathise, without sharing the delusion.

To sum up: we have pointed to the existence of a growing feeling that our partial failure in the past is due to a lack of proper organization and co-operation; and we believe that that feeling is all to the good. Now the problem is, how to supply that lack without sacrificing our healthy independence, or falling into that spiritless "submission and obedience" to authority, which is ever the demand of those, whether they hail from Rome or from Llanthony Abbey, who mean to exercise that authority rather than themselves submit to it. Given a clear understanding of the need, a solution will sooner or later arise; but it is not Mr. Vernon Herford who has it to offer. For we want new life, not a new creed; ozone to breathe, not stale incense; an enthusiastic and deeply personal faith, not a carnival of second-hand ecclesiasticism. All too easy is it to let oneself be dazzled by sacerdotal pretensions, to yield up our hard-won liberty of thought and conscience to clerical persuasiveness, to make the Church an object instead of a means;—as who should say "*facilis descensus a-vernon.*"

J. WARSCHAUER.

Her Dream.

"Mother, they tell me a dream is true
Whenever it comes when dawn is new,
For then, I have heard the gossips say,
The mists of the brain are swept away,
And clear the eyes of the soul can see
The secret things that are yet to be;
I dreamed a dream while the dawn was new—
Oh, mother, what if my dream is true?

"I saw in my dream a murky sky,
And crested billows were leaping high,
Leaping and dashing in stormy play
On a shattered wreck, their helpless prey;
Rolling and breaking in clouds of foam
On my love's good ship that sailed from home;
The sea-gulls screamed, and the wild wind blew—
Oh, mother, what if the dream is true?"

Autumn went by like a story told,
And the girlish cheek grew pale and cold;
When last year's leaves were faded and shed,
A snowdrop rose from its garden bed;
The hoar frost silvered the cottage pane,
When the flower of hope bloomed out again,
But skies were bright with a wintry blue;—
Could earth rejoice if that dream were true?

Days went and came, and the air was sweet
In fresh spring fields where the young lambs bleat;
When catkins covered the willow-trees,
Glad tidings came from the far-off seas
Of brave lives won from the hungry waves,
By Love that watches, and guards, and saves.
"Oh, mother," she said, "God only knew
My lad was safe, though the dream was true?"

SARAH DOUDNEY.

Rub Lightly.

A story is told of a dignitary of the Church who somewhat astonished an audience of young clergymen by taking the above words as the text of an address, in which he impressed upon his hearers the importance of tact in dealing with their lay brethren. Speaking generally, it may be said that in every walk of life delicate treatment and gentle handling are often the secret of success in dealing both with persons and things. The great gift of tact, so difficult to define, so easy to appreciate and admire, is nothing more than the art which enables its possessors to "rub lightly" in all the relations of life. The instinct which helps us to understand characters widely different, which gives us a quick perception of the susceptibilities and peculiarities of others, is essential to all who aspire to deal successfully with their fellow-men.

Even in the most common-place duties of every-day life, the art of rubbing lightly will often enable us to overcome difficulties and obstacles which have resisted all rougher methods. The servant who possesses a "light hand" is indeed "a treasure" in the eyes of her mistress, and will succeed in many little domestic duties where clumsy fingers would utterly fail.

Though of most importance, and seen in its highest form in the world at large, there is ample scope for the exercise of tact in the narrower circle of home-life and social gatherings. And here it may be observed that this natural instinct and insight into character, connected as it is with the finer feelings of our nature, is seen more commonly and in a higher degree among women than among men. Who does not admire the ready tact which enables a popular hostess to make a mixed party "go off," or, in other words, to harmonise the somewhat discordant elements of a miscellaneous assemblage. "What can equal woman's tact," says Oliver Wendell Holmes; "her delicacy, her subtlety of apprehension, her quickness to feel the changes of temperature, as the warm and cool currents of talk blow by turns?"

If we consider the importance of tact in the wider relations of life, we shall find that those who can rub lightly achieve a large measure of success in dealing with others.

Perhaps the value of tact will be most readily and most commonly recognised in the region of diplomacy. And while it may be said to attain its highest development in the successful ambassador who carries on negotiations of the most delicate nature, on which the issues of peace or war may depend, it is of almost equal importance to the great party leader, the popular bishop, the eminent physician, the successful head-master. One and all of these in their different spheres carry out more or less unconsciously the principle of rubbing lightly in their intercourse with their fellow-men. If it be too much to say that "tact is success" in life, it may at any rate be safely asserted that to those whose work consists mainly in managing or influencing others, the art of rubbing lightly is a most important factor in the attainment of popularity.

Two Sermons every Sunday.

We are not quite sure that we can accept without qualification the position maintained in the following extract from the American journal, *Scribner's Monthly*, but it contains very much that is worth thinking about. It may, perhaps, assist to moderate the excessive demands which some people make upon their ministers:—

"There is, without any question, a good deal of 'foolishness of preaching,' and a good deal of preaching which is 'foolishness' by its quantity alone. Preachers are aware of it, pretty generally, and the people are slowly learning it. There is no man living, engaged in literary work, who does not know that a minister who writes, or in any way thoroughly prepares, two sermons a week, can have no time for any other work whatsoever. Pastoral duty is out of the question with any man who performs this task month after month. A man who faithfully executes this amount of literary labour, and then on Sunday preaches his two sermons and performs the other services which are connected with public worship, does all that the strongest constitution can endure. The country is full of ministerial wrecks, three-fourths of which were stranded early upon the sands of exhaustion. There are many towns in America

in which there are now living more preachers out of business—and hopelessly out—than the number engaged in active life and employment. We think that a census of New York city would give us some startling facts connected with this matter, though it is into country towns, where the cost of living is small, that the exhausted preachers drift at last. We know a little New England town in which there are now residing more than twenty ex-clergymen—a number four times as large as that of the active pulpits and churches in the town. The early studies of these men, and the excessive service demanded of them, have reduced the majority of them to the comparatively useless persons they are.

"In speaking of the exhausting nature of the task of writing two sermons a week we have made no distinctions. We have presumed that every man is as strong and as highly vitalised as Mr. Beecher. Indeed, we have simply spoken of what it is possible for Mr. Beecher to do. He is just able to preach his two sermons a week and do his other work, without engaging at all in pastoral visitation. He could not do even what he does without his long vacation, his healthy nerves, and his power to sleep. When we come to speak of the average preacher, we are obliged to consider another sort of person. The average preacher needs as much time for, and expends as much hard work on, the preparation of a single sermon as Mr. Beecher does on two. To demand two sermons of this man—the average man—that shall be even tolerably well prepared, is to demand what it is not in him to give. He works in constant distress—conscious all the time that, under the pressure that is upon him, he can never do his best, and fearful always that his power over his flock is passing with the weekly drivel of commonplace, which he is obliged to breathe or bellow into their drowsy ears. Yet the average preacher manages, in some way, to preach two sermons a week, to attend any number of meetings, to visit every family of his charge twice a year, to officiate at weddings and funerals, to rear his children, and to do this until he breaks down or is dismissed, and with his old stock of sermons on hand, as capital, begins a new life in another parish, from which in due time he will pass to another."

Character Lessons.

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASSES.

By George H. Young.

LESSON XII.

GRATITUDE.

"O wealth of life beyond all bound!
Eternity each moment given!
What plummet may the present sound?
Who promises a *future* heaven?
Or glad, or grieved,
Oppressed, relieved,
In blackest night, or brightest day,
Still pours the flood
Of golden good,
And more than heart-full fills me aye."

Wasson.

I will praise the name of God with a song, and will magnify Him with Thanksgiving.—*Ps.* lx. 30.

1. What is gratitude?

Being thankful for what is enjoyed.

2. Do all have cause for thankfulness?
3. How about the very poor, the sick, the unfortunate?

They all have something for which to be grateful.

4. Can you mention their blessings?
5. To whom do you owe gratitude?

To my parents, friends, all good people who have sought to aid others, my teachers, and God.

6. Why do you owe gratitude to all these?
7. How can you show it?
8. Has God a right to expect it of you?
9. Why?

Because all good things are from Him.

10. Are you as grateful as you should be?
11. Will you try to appreciate your blessings?
12. What feeling do you have toward those who in ages past have laboured for humanity?
13. How ought we to regard those who to-day are giving themselves for the good of the world?
14. Mention any such whose names occur to you.
15. Are you aware how much which conduces to every-day comfort results from the study and labour of men who have received no reward for it?
16. What feeling have you about John iv. 38?
17. In order to exhibit gratitude, is it always needful to do it in the way of recompense?

18. What historical characters exemplified this virtue?

19. Compare the story of the Prodigal Son at the time he was leaving his home and returning thither.

RECITE Ps. l. 14; xcv. 2; c. 4.

TO THE TEACHER.—Show the meanness of ingratitude. Urge what the spirit of gratitude does in the home and in society. Make your class understand that they have blessings without number.

Charity Begins at Home.

I'm used to collect, so I need'nt say, though people don't
mean to be spiteful,
I'm used to be snapped and snarled at and snubbed, I
can't say I find it delightful.
But, with kicks or without, I must have my pence, so
objections and rejections
I take as they come, but I often wish folks would spare
me their moral reflections.

For there's one old lady, she always says, a-giving her
her mouth a screw,
"Before you are generous be just" Well, no doubt
that is very true.
But it seems the sort of truth that's so true it may safely
be taken on trust,
That to *give* when we ought to *pay* is about as generous
as it's just.

And there's a gentleman looks quite stern, and as if he
was forming square,
"'Missions,' indeed, and let me ask, young man, if
you're aware
How much there is wanted here at home?" "Yes," I
thought, and I meant no ill,
"And if nobody gives more help than you, there's much
will be *wanted* still."

And a second he more politely says to me, "What!
another call?
It makes the sixth I have had this week; it really seems
that you all
Must think we are made of money here." And I
thought, as I turned away,
"If the other five got no more than me, you might do
with six in a day."

And there's a saw I've heard say so oft, the sound of it
gives me a turn;
It's "Charity should begin at home!" Why! I havn't
got that to learn,
For it's just at home that the most of its work and the
best of its work is done.
But, neighbours and friends, just let me ask—has
Charity begun?

Do You Want to be Loved.

Don't find fault.

Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in your life.

Don't believe all the evil you hear.

Don't repeat gossip even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't over or under dress.

Don't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

Our Religious Agreements.

BY REV. J. D. PICKLES.

The following report of a paper, read at a ministerial gathering by an American Methodist minister, is given in THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER, *and will be read with interest by many on this side the Atlantic:—*

Honoured in being called to represent the Methodist Episcopal Church, I may say that she believes in the largest catholicity, and holds herself in readiness to follow both the precept and example of her Founder in fellowshipping all comers in the salutation of Jehu to Jehonadab, "If thy heart be as my heart, give me thine hand."

I am glad also that our topic is what it is. We are to speak our "affirmations," not our negations. The world is sick of negations.

We are gathered here in the spirit of Oliver Wendell Holmes, who once said with wholesome indignation: "I don't like to listen to those everlasting negations that some ministers deal out from the pulpit. When I go to hear a preacher, I want to hear one who believes more than I do." It is an ungracious as well as a comparatively easy task to pull down. The

world wants builders, not wreckers, and gives its faith and loyalty to the men who construct, not only the rails and bridges which bind the two edges and all intervening areas of a continent together, but those thought-builders who lay foundations of truth on which it can build securely for itself the permanent structures of character and destiny.

The positive things on which we agree are the things to be stated this morning. Our "mutual affirmations" rules out our distinctive and differing opinions, and calls for a consideration only of the truths we hold in common. I should be glad if a morning could be given to a frank and brotherly statement of what each denomination represented on this platform deems of vital moment in its own scheme of formulated doctrine. To-day's gathering, however, is specially irenic, and emphasizes agreements, and not differences.

As to the basis of agreement, the first postulate I would lay down on which we can all heartily stand would be:—

I. The Being of God.—God is. Back of all phenomena and behind all forces stands God, —uncreated, all-creating, all-upholding, the fountain and cause from which all things proceed; the self-directing energy and power of the universe, the basal cause of all existences and movements.

We can all agree to the first sentence of the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth." I think we can go a step further in company, and affirm

II. The personality of God.—All qualities of personality inhere in him. He thinks and feels and wills and acts and comprehends in himself every element that makes for a perfect personality. We worship no "indefinite principle of order or lambent fire soul of the universe," as the ancient philosophers were wont to teach, but a being infinitely removed from, but infinitely like, ourselves, with whom we can have communication and association; one who desires our worship and demands our service, responds to our supplications, and notes the smallest as well as the largest events transpiring in his wide-sweeping worlds.

I advance another step, confident that you will accompany me, when I say that

III. God has revealed himself and his will. I note four avenues through which God is discovered:—

1. In nature. The visible universe is the manifestation of God. Through planets and stars and suns and systems we behold the expression of the thought and will of the infinite being, without whom these were not. And with the apostle Paul we affirm that "the invisible things of Him since the creation of the world are clearly seen, being perceived through the things that are made, even his everlasting power and divinity."

2. In man. In the constitution and being of man God's being and nature are shadowed forth; and in this divine resemblance man's own dignity and immeasurable value come to light.

Man is a microcosm of God, and, as such, is at the least a faint reflection of the being who made him, and in his aspirations after God finds that God himself has wooed and won him. As Browning sings:—

> "There's heaven above; and night by night
> I look right through its gorgeous roof.
> No suns and moons, though e'er so bright,
> Avail to stop me. Splendour proof,
> I keep the broods of stars aloof:
> For I intend to get to God,
> For 'tis to God I speed so fast;
> For in God's breast, my own abode,
> These shoals of dazzling glory passed,
> I lay my spirit down at last."—
> "A man, for aye removed
> From the developed brute;
> A God, though in the germ."

But God has further revealed himself:—

3. To man:—

(1) In the ongoings of history, secular and sacred, and in (2) the recordings of that history as co-ordinated in the Holy Scriptures.

I do not now raise the question of whether the Scriptures are or contain a revelation of God, but simply affirm that they make known as no other writings do an idea of God which lies at the root, and is the impulsive energy of all that is best and highest in modern civilization, and sets forth an unsurpassed and unsurpassable conception of both God and man.

The full and final revelation of God, flowers and fruits (3) in Jesus Christ.

Whatever our views,—and I am aware that we shall part company in our definitions relating to him,—we shall agree, I am sure, that he is

the moral and spiritual Leader of the race, that his ideals, not only taught, but exemplified in him and by him, registere the high-water mark of humanity's possibilities, and, when realized, consummate the processes through which man emerges into perfect affinity and eternal beatification with God. We can, I think, all agree with the writer of the Hebrews: "God, having of old time spoken unto the fathers in the prophets by divers portions and in divers manners, hath, at the end of these days, spoken unto us in his Son."

If I have been traversing common ground so far, can I not extend its borders a little, and still hold your fellowship in the affirmation of

IV. The moral freedom of man?—The consciousness of responsibility and the authoritative voice of conscience both alike attest the reality of moral distinctions. We are subjects of moral government both subjectively and objectively. We have a law within our members as well as a divine law written on stones or in the constitution and statutes of nations and communities which enforce an authoritative *ought*, whose weight and sanctity overbear every consideration of convenience, of material advantage, or, it may be, of life itself. We are conscious at the same time that by a perverse will we can do violence to this authority, we can rebel against its utterances, we can choose to do the very opposite of that which we know to be the voice of conscience, the voice of duty, and the voice of God.

"Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves bondmen for obedience, bondmen ye are to him whom ye obey, whether of sin to death or obedience to righteousness?" All laws, whether divine or human, postulate moral freedom in their demands upon, or condescension to, the inner being or outer activity of the individual.

As ethical and religious teachers, we must recognise this free alternative; and our only hope for permanent and righteous character-building is in the choice of the man to whom appeal is made.

Once more, if we strip away theological formulas and philosophical refinements, and deal with things, and not with theories, with concrete cases, and not with abstract ambiguities, we will agree, I think, in

V. The recognition of three existing facts which constitute the very heart and centre of all our thinking as religious teachers.

The first fact is that

1. God's purpose is to have all men in his own image. All movements of God in the world and in history must be interpreted in the light of this purpose. We cannot give too much attention to this vital, this fundamental truth. God wills that all men should come to a knowledge of the truth and to the spirit of Sonship. Sonship means Fatherhood; and Fatherhood, not Judgeship nor Rulership, is the atmosphere of interpretation. Fatherhood, and not even Salvation, is the pre-eminent, the superlative word in theological nomenclature. Salvation is Fatherhood in action. Salvation is the life-boat, with crew on seats, and oars in row-locks, sweeping swiftly to the rescue. Fatherhood stands with luminous eyes and heart of love, with hand on helm and words of cheer; for his boy is on the wreck.

2. That man is not living in this spirit of Sonship, and is not in the image of God. Whatever we may call it, whether error or evil or imperfections or, as most of us would say, sin, the fact remains that man morally and spiritually is out of joint with God, that he has wandered from his Father's house, and is in a bad way.

3. The third fact is that God has set at work remedial agencies through which man may obtain this Son-spirit and this God-likeness.

These agencies first made man acquainted with God's purpose, and this alone has a powerful effect on man's thought and life. They can only approach man, however, by ethical means, and appeal only to reason and persuasion to secure the end which they have in view.

We shall agree on

VI. Immortality, whether inherent or inherited, need not now be discussed, but that the life of man bridges the chasm of death, and moves on through the endless cycles of duration, is the consensus of intuition, reason and revelation.

To my own mind, one other step will be as far perhaps as we can go together harmoniously. We will affirm,

VII. Rewards and penalties here and hereafter, as legitimate fruits of conduct and character.

What the nature of these may be, or their duration, does not enter into the discussion as now before us; but all alike we hold up before our fellow-men the inevitable sequences of thought and action, and declare that every moral activity has its attendant approval or disapproval in the nature of things and by the fiat of God.

Such I believe to be the fundamental postulates on which we can all agree and mutually affirm. A part of us could go further, and affirm interpretations of these which we believe to be paramount and of vital importance, and for which we would willingly die; but these I may not mention. We surely can hold each other in true brotherly esteem, accrediting to others what we claim for ourselves,—intellectual honesty, uprightness of purpose, and sweetness of spirit,—and fraternally and patiently wait for that approaching hour when we shall "see light in the light of God;" "when the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be seven-fold;" and "when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

After the Holiday.

"There's no place like home."

It is a grey September day, sunless and cold. At last the autumn has come, and the long and magnificent summer seems to have closed its career. Only a few days ago the sun was shining with the brilliance of early August, and the heat was almost oppressive. And now the cool, fresh air and the serene grey sky, with hardly a patch of blue to be seen in its broad expanse, make up a typical autumn day—pensive and still, as a late September day should be. With an odd sort of wonder, after the prolonged heat, one feels that soon a fire will be welcome in the yet flower-filled grate.

How delicious it is to be at home again! to sit once more in the old study chair! to look round at the old familiar books, which seem to nod their welcome to me in a sort of inarticulate way! to hear the laughter of the children and the mad barking of the dog, who is well-nigh crazy with delight at our return!

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home.

Our's is hardly a "watch-dog": he is merely a mongrel puppy, with, as yet, too many legs, and a good deal too much tail, which legs and tail he manages to get into all sorts of impossible conditions as he flounders round the room in canine ecstasy. But Timothy (we always give our dogs Scriptural names), young and mongrel though he be, is loyal and true. He has virtues and faults, even as Christians have, the chiefest of the latter being a tendency to dig out old and malodorous bones from all the rubbish heaps round, and lay them in a druidical circle before the front door. But doubtless he will grow wiser as he grows older. Already he shows signs of feeling the pangs of guilt when he is bullied about these bones, and roundly denounced as a heathen who should have no place in a Christian minister's house. So Timothy's welcome home is a pleasant episode.

And now the children have retired, with sundry new dolls, balls, and wonderful toys, for a romp, and a great talk over their possessions, to a far-off room. The study is quiet, and as I smoke the pipe of peace and look round with a delicious feeling of safe anchorage, the door opens softly and "the mother" steals in, and with a gentle smile, and the tender intonation of a woman's eloquence, says what I am feeling: "How pleasant it is to be at home again." Ah, yes, it is indeed. The holiday change was needed, and was welcome. It was a happy time, and was, I trust, well used. Sunlit days spent by the sea-shore; in walks over the glorious Southern cliffs; in country rambles; in absolute laziness so far as any real work was concerned; in the meeting of new faces and the making of new acquaintances, possibly of friends; in healthy laughter, and sometimes almost boisterous fun. But it is pleasant, now that the holiday has fulfilled its mission, to be at home once more, and to feel that to-morrow, or the day after (I always like a little grace before I buckle to again), the working days will begin, and what George Eliot calls "the harness of beneficent routine" will have to be donned. For how true it is

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.

Of all lives, that of the continuous holiday-maker must be the dullest and most monotonous.

The hardest of all work is to be perpetually doing nothing.

Interesting, too, is it, after the holiday, to hear the little details of what has occurred in the church and the town. For somehow all the odd things, all the unexpected things, have a way of happening just when one is from home. On one Sunday the "supply" has not turned up at the appointed time, perhaps not at all, and there has been much perturbation and perspiration among the deacons in the vestry as the ominous hands of the clock passed the usual hour of service, and corresponding delight on the part of the younger portion of the congregation at the "fix" the officials were in. Or there has been a runaway match in the town, or twins have been born, or the interesting young widow who keeps the small-ware shop has had a legacy left her, or Mr. Turnbull's son has thrown away his chances and enlisted for a soldier.

Sadder, more painful intelligence than this trifling gossip awaits us. A quiet, gentle-hearted, grey-haired hearer will be seen no more in the old chapel. He is dead, and the other day was laid to rest in the cemetery. His story was not unusual in this throbbing, heart-breaking world, but was none the less pathetic. For many years he was a deacon of the church, and was truly and tenderly benevolent. He was too good-hearted to be prosperous; too lenient, perhaps too easy, with his debtors to succeed. And so reverses came, sickness soon followed, and death, that great redeemer of unsuccesful men out of the troubles of this present evil world, dallied not in his mission. *Requiescat in pace.* Perhaps, after all, his career was a more Christian one than that of some prosperous folk. And here, too, is another item of saddest pathos and deepest tragedy. A young schoolmaster, bright, keen, intelligent, a graduate of his university, worried by the difficulties of his profession, has committed suicide. Only a few short weeks ago I met him at the opening of a great Board school, and was struck by his manly ways and intellectual face. And now, alas! he is gone—

Tired, he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

So, even with the joy of coming home, there is mingled the inevitable pain of things, and on the return from holiday-making, gaunt shadows of human travail are met on the very threshold. Still it is sweet to be at home again, though as one thinks of all these things in the pensive stillness of the twilight on this grey autumn day, there rises in the throat a sob of pain and pity for the weary sons of men!

Let us get to work, Messieurs, as speedily as possible. In honest, solid work, the only solace is to be found. In "the harness of beneficent routine," may *we* find salvation from despair as the years pass, till the day breaks and the shadows flee away! We ministers are all thinking just now of the winter's campaign. A little dread, more than a little heartache, may mingle with our preparations. The past has had its failures, its heroic plans broken, its efforts rendered futile, by circumstances, by faint-heartedness, or by feeble and slothful friends. Those empty pews are still there, the carping criticism that is like a wet blanket is not removed, and the difficulties of church finance are still present with you. You fear lest the coming winter's work should not succeed. Gird up the loins of your mind and wait patiently upon God. Let the morning prayer diligently ascend to heaven, and forget not the evening sacrifice. Be strong, my brother, and of a good courage; and let *your* part of the work be well and skilfully done, and leave the rest with God. "This one thing I do: forgetting the things that are behind, and stretching forth to the things that are before, I press on ——." Yes we are saved in our work by Hope, by believing that to-morrow will be better than to-day.

Perhaps what we are needing most in this busy, working age, is a little more patient waiting upon God. Our tendency is to seek to hurry the coming of God's kingdom. I call to mind the noble words of Jeremiah: "The Lord is good to them that *wait* for Him, to the soul that seeketh Him. It is good that a man should *hope and quietly wait* for the salvation of the Lord." Therefore, as we buckle on the armour once more, let us hope in the Lord.

H. B. S. K.

Religion binds us to the strongest—that is to God; and to the weakest—to children, to aged persons, to the sick, to the poor, to the unfortunate and the afflicted.—*Joubert.*

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Two Sparrows.

"Brown birds, chirping on the tree,
Hopping all along the lane,
Why should you so happy be,
Through the mist of falling rain?
Tell us, sparrows, ere you go,
What can make you twitter so?

"You can boast no plumage gay,
Nor a voice beyond compare;
You can only fly and play,
You are neither fine nor rare;
Yet you chirp o'er field and town—
Tell us why, O birdies brown!

"Are you not afraid at heart
Of the winter and the snow?
Summer beauty will depart—
Storms may lay the birdies low;
Yet you gaily twitter here—
Why do sparrows never fear?"

"Hath it not been told to ye,
There is One who named our name?
Though we are but birdies wee,
His protection we can claim;
There is One who, ruling all,
Knoweth when the sparrows fall.

"We are neither rare nor fine,
Very lowly is our form,
Yet the Hand that is Divine
Gave our feathers soft and warm;
And each happy hour we live
Food and water He doth give.

"Wherefore should we be afraid,
Since the heart of God we share?
Every nest in tree and glade
Is within the Father's care.
Children, list our hymn of rest—
'Those whom God doth keep are blest.'"

MARGARET HAYCRAFT.

Spangle and Patch.

A fine young cockerel found a fat and juicy slug in the poultry-yard. He eyed it with satisfaction, and was going to gobble it up in a trice, when a brother cockerel spied the treasure in his beak, and gave chase.

Although my story is not a very long one, for convenience in telling it my two heroes must have names; so I will call the first bird Spangle and the second Patch.

Spangle held to his prize bravely, and ran as fast as his long chicken legs would carry him, but not being able to open his beak, Patch had the advantage. If he continued his flight, Patch must inevitably run him down. I cannot be sure that he reasoned in this way, but it is just possible that under his comb was some thought of this description.

He could not swallow the slug without first getting a chance to recover his breath; but he was quite determined that Patch should not have it. He dropped it, then turned quickly round and gave fight, head down, feathers set up in a ruff round it, wings outspread, saying as plainly as any creature of the feathered race could without language—

"Come on, then, if you call yourself a cockerel!"

And Patch did "come on," for the fine fat slug that he meant to have—that is, if he could get it—lay well in the rear of Spangle, and was only to be reached by his removal.

So he, too, set up his feathers and flew at Spangle. They touched beaks, and danced round and round, making a commotion, and raising a dust.

If the slug had been nimble, now was his time to make off, but one cannot change one's nature even in an emergency. Moreover, the slug may have felt a little gratified at being the primary cause of all this disturbance; for some people like to feel themselves of sufficient importance to be fought over.

Possibly he had a little curiosity to see which of the pretty equally matched birds would win in the end. At any rate, there he lay, as sluggish as ever.

A turkey strutted up from the far corner of the poultry-yard to see what all the commotion was about.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble! I won't interfere, but I should like to see fair play," was all he said. But his eye fell upon the slug, and he understood the position at once.

"Just to prevent any further quarrelling of the same kind," he said to himself, and, opening his bill, he gobbled down the juicy tit-bit, and marched off again more quickly than he had come.

"What business had he to come here and draw off our attention from each other?" cried Patch, letting his feathers fall.

"Just what I want to know," said Spangle. "I'll be ready for you again in a second; we haven't finished yet."

In the meantime he took a glance behind, just to assure himself that the prize he was defending was all right, when, lo and behold! the very piece of soil upon which the slug had reposed, ready to gratify the appetite of the victor, knew the juicy morsel no more; and the turkey, walking away in the distance, highly satisfied with himself in particular, and all poultry kind in general, looked the picture of innocence.

"My friend," said Spangle to Patch, in haste to make the best of a great misfortune which had befallen them, "the very bone of contention is removed; we had better shake claws and forget our late tussle."

"With all my heart," returned Patch, "and the next time we have anything to fight for let us keep clear of all spectators."

I feel inclined to imitate the Duchess in Wonderland, and say, "The moral of this is——"

But there, if a moral needs to be pointed the story is better without it.

S.

Quips and Cranks.

A bigot is a man who doesn't believe in allowing other dogs to wag their own tails in their own particular way.

A boy, on being asked to describe a kitten, said, "A kitten is remarkable for rushing like mad at nothing whatever, and stopping before it gets there." It must have been the same boy who thus defined scandal, "It is when nobody ain't done nothing, and somebody goes and tells."

Lies are falsehoods found out!

Gossip means putting two and two together and making five of them!

A secret is anything that has been made known to everybody in a whisper!

The height of impudence—ringing up one doctor at midnight to learn the address of another.

The ridiculous is memory's most adhesive plaster!

Nonsense was well defined by Dr. Johnson when he said, "Sir, it is nonsense to bolt a door with a boiled carrot."

Voltaire describes a physician as an unfortunate gentleman expected every day to perform a miracle, namely, to reconcile health with intemperance.

A female doctor is a woman with a *patient* turn of mind!

"It's no great credit for the worm to turn when stepped upon," remarks a philosopher, "a barrel hoop will do the same thing."

Faith—a bald-headed man buying a bottle of hair restorer!

A teacher asked his class what was meant by *divers* diseases and was rather surprised when a boy answered, "Water in the head."

A humorist explained the meaning of "a stony glare" to his little son as the expression which comes over a man's face in church when the collecting plate is held before him and he has neglected to provide himself with a threepenny bit!

A small boy's idea of a reporter is summed up in the words, "Anyone who knows a thing before it happens."

A little dot of a girl inquired of her mother the meaning of "transatlantic," and was told "across the Atlantic." "Does 'trans' always mean 'cross,' mamma?" she then asked. "Yes," replied her mother, "but don't bother me any more." "Then I guess transparent means a cross parent," was the conclusion the unconscious little humorist came to as she relapsed into silence.

A gentleman said to his minister—"When do you expect to see Deacon A—— again?" "Never," said the reverend gentleman, solemnly; "the deacon is in heaven."

It is not surprising that foreigners sometimes fail to catch all the shades of meaning belonging to our words. A Frenchman translated—"Out, brief candle," by "Get out, you short candle." And the expression—"With my sword I will carve my way to fortune," was rendered, "With my sword I will make my fortune cutting meat."

EPICURUS PYTHOGORAS STUBBLES
Loved to talk over his troubles;
If he hadn't done so,
(You'll believe me, I know,)
They'd have vanished as quickly as bubbles—
Soap bubbles!

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